UPON HER MAIESTIES

New Buildings at SOMERSET-HOUSE.

GReat Queen, That does our Iſland bleſs
With Princes, and with Palaces ;
Treated ſo ill, chac'd from your throne,
Returning you adorn the town ,
And with a brave revenge do ſhow,
Their glory went, and came with you ;
While Peace from hence, and you were gone
Your houſes in that Storm o'rethrown,
Thoſe wounds which Civil Rage did give,
At once you pardon and Relieve :
Conſtant to *England* in your love,
As Birds are to their wonted Grove ,
Though by rude hands their Neſts are ſpoil'd,
There, the next Spring, again they build :
Accuſing ſome malignant Star,
Not *Britain*, for that fatal War ,
Your kindneſs baniſhes your fear ,
Reſolv'd to fix for ever here :
But what new Myne this work ſupplies ?
Can ſuch a pile from Ruine riſe ?
This like the firſt Creation ſhows,
As if at your Command it roſe ;
Frugality, and Bounty too,
Thoſe differing virtues, meet in you ;
From a Confin'd well manag'd ſtore
You both imploy, and feed the poor :
Let Forein Princes vainly boaſt
The rude effects of Pride, and Coſt,
Of vaſter Fabriques, to which They
Contribute nothing, but the Pay :
This, by the Queen her ſelf deſign'd ,
Gives us a pattern of her mind ;
The ſtate, and order does proclaim
The Genius of that Royal Dame,
Each part with juſt proportion grac'd,
And all to ſuch advantage plac'd
That the fair view her Window yields,
The Town, the River, and the Fields
Entring, Beneath us, we deſcry ,
And wonder how we came ſo high ;
She needs no weary ſteps aſcend,
All ſeems before her feet to bend ,
And here, as She was born, She lies
High, without taking pains to riſe.

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